

MRS. H. MOOK

Has removed her Millinery Store to the building formerly occupied by Ryan & Son, at the East end of the Iron Bridge, where she will be glad to see all of her old customers and a host of new ones. Her stock is large and of the best. Bottom. Call on her before you buy your Fall Bonnet.

Strayed

From my house, near Neff's Mill, about the 13th of August last, one red and white-spotted cow, two years old, slim, keen horns. Marked with a cross and star in the right ear. Any information given will be thankfully received and liberally rewarded. J. B. BOARD, Prince of Wales, Ky. no13 2t

SHORT-HORN CATTLE FOR SALE

I have for sale, at most reasonable prices, the following cattle:— One aged bull, General Washington, with pedigree. One cow, Sallie Hinkle, with pedigree. Four cows, Maggie, Strawberry, Sue B. and Ella G. Also the following calves of General Washington:— Sir Richard, aged 7 months; Colonel Scott, aged 9 months. These calves are beautiful reds with some white. This is an opportunity for those desiring Short-Horns to get them at reasonable prices. N. B.—I will have seven or eight head of the above named cattle at the Hardinsburg Fair. Webster, Ky. no 13 1f

SAWYER, WALLACE & CO.

We are authorized to make Liberal Advances on Consignments of Tobacco to the above named firm, New York. P. V. & H. V. DUNCAN, no 13 6m

From all parts of the country reports come of the immense sales and increasing demand for that deservingly popular sewing machine, The Old Reliable "STANDARD," the price of which the proprietors wisely reduced to \$20, including all the attachments, and at once secured for them a popularity among the people far beyond that ever yet attained by any other machine at any price, the consequence of which is, agents are leaving the old high priced machines, and seeking territory for the "STANDARD." Knowing from experience that with the best goods at the lowest price they can out-sell all other machines, where the superior quality and low price is made known. This splendid machine, combines all the improvements. Is far ahead of all others in beauty and durability of its work, ease of management, light running and certainty of operation. It is made upon sound principles, with positive working parts all steel, and can be safely put down as the very perfection of a Serviceable Sewing Machine, in every particular, that will outlast any machine, and at a price far below any other. It is thoroughly warranted for five years. Kept in order free of charge. And sent to any part of the Country for examination by the customer before payment of the bill. We can predict equally as large a demand for them in this section as in others. Families desiring the best Machine manufactured should write direct to the Factory. And enterprising persons wishing to seize the chance should apply for so desirable an agency. See advertisement in another part of this paper. Address, Standard Machine Co., Cor. Broadway and Clinton Place, New York. sept14 ly

Florida.

A throng of sufferers with coughs and colds, annually go South to enjoy the ethereal mildness of the land of flowers. To them we would say the necessity of that expensive trip is obviated by Cousen's Compound Honey of Tar, which speedily vanquishes the coughs and colds incident to this rigorous climate. For public speakers it surpasses the Demagogue's regimen of "pebbles and sea shore;" clearing the throat until the voice rings with the silvery cadence of a bell. Use Cousen's Compound Honey of Tar. Price 50 cents a bottle. For sale by A. R. FISHER, Cloverport, Ky., and Dr. J. TAYLOR, Hardinsburg, Ky. sept14 ly

JAMES E. STONE, J. R. LAWYER,

HARDINSBURG, KENTUCKY. Will practice in all the courts of Breckenridge and adjoining counties. Deeds, Mortgages, etc., and all legal instruments carefully prepared. Titles investigated and abstracts furnished. Prompt and careful attention given to all business entrusted to me. no 11 1f

THE GREAT CAUSE OF Human Misery

Just Published, in a Sealed Envelope. Price 50 cents.

A Lecture on the Nature, Treatment, and Radical cure of Seminal Weakness, or Spermatocoe, induced by Self-Abuse, Involuntary Emissions, Impediment, Nervous Debility, and Impediments to Marriage generally; Consumption, Epilepsy, and Fits; Mental and Physical Incapacity. As by ROBERT J. CULVERWELL, M.D., author of the "Green Book," &c.

The world-renowned author, in his admirable Lecture, clearly proves from his own experience that the awful consequences of Self-Abuse may be effectually removed without medicine, and without dangerous surgical operations, bougies, instruments, rings, or cordials; pointing out a mode of cure at once certain and effectual, by which every sufferer, no matter what his condition may be, can cure himself cheaply, privately and radically.

This Lecture will prove a boon to thousands and thousands. Sent, under seal, in a plain envelope, to any address, on receipt of six cents, or two postage stamps. Address the Publisher.

THE CULVERWELL MEDICAL CO., 41 Astor St., New York; may15 ly

ALEX MILLER,

—WITH— WURACH & SCHOLTZ, WHOLESALE DEALERS IN FANCY GROCERIES, CONFECTIONS, FRUITS, CIGARS, TOBACCOES, ETC. No. 95 W. Market St., Between 3rd and 4th, LOUISVILLE, KY. no 6m.

BLOOD!! LINDSEY'S BLOOD SEARCHER

Is the greatest Blood remedy of the age. Scurvy, Scrophulous Ulcers, Boils, Pimples and all Blood diseases yield to its wonderful powers. Pure Blood is the guarantee of health. Read!! "I cured my son of Scrophulous."—J. B. Brooks, Palmyra, Ohio. "I cured my child of Erysipelas."—Mrs. E. Smeitzer, Larimer, Pa. R. B. Sellers & Co., Proprietors, Pittsburgh, Pa. Price, \$1.00. The genuine has our name on bottom of wrapper. Sold by all druggists. W. B. WHITE, Agent, no 44 ly

\$57.60 AGENTS profits per week. Write for particulars. New articles, just patented. Sample sent free to all. Address W. H. CHIDESTER, 216 Fulton Street, New York.

THE BRECKENRIDGE NEWS.

Independent in all things, Neutral in nothing; Principles, not party; Men, not availability.

VOL. III.

CLOVERPORT, KENTUCKY, WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 6, 1878.

NO. 17.

'ANY ONE WILL DO.

A maiden once of certain age To catch a husband did engage, But having passed the prime of life In striving to become a wife, Without success, she thought it time To mend the follies of her crime.

Departing from the usual course Of paint, and such like, for reassurance, With all her might, this ancient maid, Beneath an oak tree knelt and prayed; Unconscious that a grave old owl Perched above—the musing fowl.

"O, give a husband, give!" she cried, "While yet I may become a bride, Soon will my day of grace be o'er, And then, like many maid before, I'll die without an early love, And none to meet me there above."

"O, 'tis a fate too hard to bear: Just then the old owl up in the tree, In deep bass tones cried, 'Who, who, who?' 'Who, Lord? And dost thou ask me who? Why, any one, good Lord, will do.'"

WHAT HAPPENED IN A SNOW-STORM.

Nearly a century ago there lived a pious man named Christian Zirchel, a mile north-east of Frederick, Maryland, which was then a straggling village. By his industry Zirchel had supported his family in what was then regarded a moderate competence. He had his patch of cleared ground and a plain, rude house. In the spring of the year he was taken seriously ill, and after a few weeks of suffering, died, leaving a wife and four children under twelve years of age. The poor widow, with her orphan children, managed by thrift and economy to procure the needed comforts of life during the summer, autumn, and early part of the winter. The country was sparsely settled; her nearest neighbor lived a mile away. Fuel was easily procured, for heavy forests were all around, and timber was of little value.

As the winter gradually wore on, her stock of provisions grew less and less, filling her mind with much anxiety. In a month of March, when her food was about exhausted, there came a heavy fall of snow, covering over and obliterating the few roads in the neighborhood. The snow also drifted heavily against her cabin, which had only one door. Against this door the snow settled so compactly, to the depth of five feet, that the family were unable to make their way out. They were prisoners.

The widow began to realize their situation. Without more than sufficient provisions for one day, and shut in from human help, what would become of them? No earthly probability that any traveler would come into such an out-of-the-way place through such snow. From the depth and compactness of the snow it might lie for several weeks. No hope of human help. The pious woman turned her thoughts to God. She told the eldest child to repeat the explanation of the first article of the creed in Luther's Catechism: "I believe that God had created me, and still preserves me by my body and soul; that He daily provides me with all the necessities of life, guards me from danger, and preserves me from evil, wholly induced by paternal love and mercy."

The mother then took her German hymn-book and sang Gerhard's hymn: "Commit thou all thy griefs, And ways into His hands."

She then took her Bible and read from the Thirty-seventh Psalm: Trust in the Lord, and do good; so shalt thou dwell in the land, and verily thou shalt be fed. Commit thy way unto the Lord; trust in Him, and He shall bring it to pass." She then offered a fervent prayer that her Heavenly Father would, according to His promise, protect and feed her helpless household.

The day passed, but no signs of help. The second day the prayers of the good woman became more fervent. A mere morsel had been left for a scanty breakfast, and now the children were crying for dinner. The prayers of the mother were earnest, and uttered aloud, that her Father in heaven would send some messenger with food to satisfy the hunger of her children. These prayers were at length interrupted by a pounding on the top of the door. In response to her inquiry, a voice said: "Open the door." This was done with difficulty, but, partially open, she saw a man standing on the drift, holding in his hand the bridle rein of his horse. She said, "you are a stranger, but you are a messenger from God to preserve these children from starvation."

The man said, "I paused for some time before knocking at your door. I overheard parts of your prayer; I have learned its general import. I am a drover from Washington county. I sold a drove of cattle in Baltimore and am on my way home. The roads through the woods are so drifted that I lost my way. I saw the smoke from your chimney, and came here to ask what direction I am to take for your village. But first of all, as you seem to be in distress, what can I do for you?"

She informed him that for several days her children had been on short allowance, and had merely a crumb to eat; the last morsel was gone. It was impossible for her or her little ones to make their way through the snow to the nearest house, a mile off. The stranger said he had passed a mill, probably a mile or two back; by following the track his horse had made he could reach it. He would bring her half a bag of flour. When he returned, by the assistance of his horse treading down the snow, he contrived to open a path from the door. He also aided in getting additional fuel from the woods, then gave her about five dollars in coin, and said, "So late in the season, this heavy snow can not last long. Your meal will keep you in bread for several weeks; by that time you can buy more provisions."

The benevolent man then took his leave, riding through the unbroken snow in the direction of the village, where he found

A Remarkable Story that Comes from Huntingdon County, Pa.

Some time ago a Mr. Nell, residing near Alexandria, Huntingdon county, this State, went to his well to get a drink and found it dry. He then went down into the well to make repairs, and was much surprised to find not a pint of water and the bottom fallen out. A cool breeze blew up strong enough to rustle the leaves of a tree standing near. He tied a lantern to a rope 100 feet long and let it down, and as the lantern still burned he rightly concluded that the air was pure. He then procured a spliced rope 300 feet in length, and to the end attached a basket containing a lantern, a dog and a cat. He let them down, striking bottom at 291 feet. At the end of six hours the basket was brought up. The lantern was still burning, and the only visible effect on the dog and the cat was chilliness. The next day the owner of the well, accompanied by a trusty neighbor, Mr. Lefford, descended to the bottom. What was their surprise to find an immense cave, stretching miles and miles in every direction. Stalagmites and stalactites of magnificent gorgeousness lent beauty and variety to the otherwise tomb-like scene. Here and there a flowing stream of water rippled over stony beds, while thousands and thousands of bats fluttered their clammy wings, surprised at the intrusion of man. Petrified shells of a hundred varieties strewed the floors and protruded from the strata. After spending ten or twelve hours of continuous wandering, during which time they penetrated beneath and beyond Alexandria, and discovered a vein of nickel ore and a nugget of metal resembling antimony. They returned to the surface, where their half-stricken wives clasped them to their bosoms, thinking they had been lost. It is supposed that this cave is connected with those at Warrior Ridge and Sinking Valley, only a few miles away. Specimens of the nickel ore have been sent to Philadelphia and analyzed, and pronounced superior to the nickel of either Lancaster or Germany, the only two places on the globe where it is now mined.—*Cor. Harrisburg Patriot.*

Woman's Ingenuity.

When a woman's ingenuity is excited, especially when her curiosity is excited, you may well imagine that some great wit has been set at work. We heard of one not long since who was not so well satisfied as to what was being said in the parlor. She was too high-toned to eavesdrop, so she just went and bought her a telephone and set it at the parlor window. Next morning she put the thing in motion, and it just spoke volumes. It talked low, quoted poetry, popped the question, smacked its lips, and said more sweet things than Webster's dictionary ever thought of. It proved such a success that every lady in that town has ordered one.

Every newspaper reporter in the land is beginning to see the great convenience of the telephone. When they wish to report a speech from some eminent orator, they just set one of these word traps close by the side of the speaker, and when the orator is through the reporter takes the machine into the printing office, reverses the engine and gives the oration out, word at a time, just as the compositor sets it. The stenographer with his pencil and paper is laid in the shade. The man who has an invalid wife can get one of these reporters and carry it with him to church and carry home the sermon to his wife, so she need never go to church unless she has a new bonnet or a dress. A young man who had vowed to a young lady that he loved none but her, she alone was the queen of his affections. As a matter of course she believed all that he said, and felt herself safely crouched. Now it so happened that this young man bought one of these word traps, and was using it for his own amusement. He took it one evening to show his beautiful Mollie Jones what wonderful advancement science was making, and the beautiful girl, with a soul full of glee and a heart full of gratitude to her lover, took the talking machine and began to turn it. O, horror! what a tale it told. It revealed the fact that John had been making love to Mary Smith, Paty Jenkins, and a dozen others. It was impossible, John could not make her believe a thing was lying, he just had to move himself, double quick at that. A gentleman who visited New York bought a telephone to amuse his wife and children, but, unthoughtfully, carried the Polt-parrel of a thing around through the city for several days before his return home. On his arrival he exhibited his curiosity to the wife and children. It was taken into the parlor and the children began to turn it. We never did hear what it said, all we know is, poor Scruggs bolted out of the door into the yard with the fire tongs, shovel, ash-pail and broom in hot pursuit.

P. S. None of these parties live in 100 miles of this place.

A Mother's Influence.

The late Thomas H. Benton, who was so long in public life and surrounded by temptations, paid the following tribute to his mother: "My mother asked me never to use any tobacco, and I never touched it from that time to the present day; she asked me not to game, and I have not, and I can not tell who is winning or who is losing in games that can be played. She admonished me, too, against hard drinking, and whatever capacity for endurance I may have at present, and whatever usefulness I may attain in life, I attribute it to having complied with her pious and correct wishes. When I was seven years of age she asked me not to drink, and then I made a resolution of total abstinence, at a time when I was sole constitutent member of my own body, and that I have adhered to it through all the time I owe to my mother."

I Wonder.

When a young man is clerk in a warehouse, or bank, and dresses like a prince, smokes "fine cigars," drinks "nice brandy," attends theaters, balls and the like, I wonder if he does all upon the salary of a clerkship? When a young lady sits in the parlor all day with her lily white fingers covered with rings, I wonder if her mother don't make the puddings, and do a good deal in the kitchen? When a man goes three times a day to get a drink I wonder if he will not by-and-by go four times? When a young lady laces her waist a third smaller than nature made it, I wonder if her pretty figure will not shorten life some dozen years more, besides making her miserable while she does live? When a young man is dependent on his daily toil for his income, and marries a fine lady who does not know how to make a loaf of bread or mend a garment, I wonder if he is not lacking somewhere, say towards the top, for insurance.

Henry Maddox, town marshal of Shelbyville, went to arrest Charles Adams, colored, at the colored Methodist church. Adams resisted and Maddox shot at him. This produced a panic in the church, and the crowd made for the doors and windows in a wild and furious manner, hurting a goodly number of persons.—*Cor. Courier-Journal.*

Chaffin, of Allen county, took Mr. Newton's wife and started to run off with her. Newton overtook them at Span's store and shot the top of Chaffin's head off with a double-barreled shot-gun.—*Courier-Journal.*

The People and Horses in the World.

In the last number of Petermann's Geographische Mittheilungen the number of inhabitants on the globe is estimated at 1,439,145,300, of which 312,393,480 are set down to Europe, 831,000,000 to Asia, 205,219,500 to Africa, 4,411,300 to Australia, and 86,110,000 to America. The number of horses existing (China and Japan not included) is said to be 58,000,000. Russia is stated to possess 21,270,000, the United States 9,594,000, the Argentine Republic 4,000,000, Germany 3,352,000, France 3,000,000, Canada 2,624,000, Great Britain 2,255,000, Hungary 2,179,000, Australia 1,367,000, Turkey 1,100,000.

Value of Coal Ashes.

I have got all I could gather for several years; but now some others speak well of them. A professor in Miami University made walks in his garden with the ashes from the college. He found that when he dropped turnip or other seeds they grew finer than any other. I had a pile of anthracite ashes three feet high in my garden, hauled there in May, 1875. There was ice on the bottom of the heap. I thought it would save ice better than tan. On top of the heap there grew a number of pumpkins, which had been thrown in when rotten in the village. I thinned them to three vines, and they were the finest and largest I had that year. They were three feet from the ground. That is, crown. The vines covered more than 150 square feet.—*Correspondent Tribune.*

Among the passengers on the overland train bound for San Francisco, one day last week, was an ex-Governor of the State of Tennessee, accompanied by his family. At one of the small stations of the Central Pacific road, a short distance this side of Ogden, the train was boarded by one of the gambling sharps that infest the line, on the lookout for victims to fleece, by means of the swindling devices practiced by the thieves of the low. The fellow succeeded in robbing one of the passengers of the better part of his traveling capital, when the transaction attracted the attention of other passengers, and some commotion ensued. The affair not occurring in San Francisco, there were no police there to protect the gambler, and he was seized and a fierce demand made for the restoration of the plunder; with a drawing of pistols and threats of dire vengeance. In the midst of the tumult a lady in the car gave a shriek and fell into a swoon. It was the wife of the distinguished gentleman from Tennessee. The attention of the gambler was drawn to the incident, and immediately his pistol fell from his hand as if from a stroke of palsy, and he staggered backward in a helpless condition. On recovering his nerve, the gambler restored the money taken from his victim and hastened to the assistance of the lady. A mutual recognition appeared to ensue between the gambler and the party, and the meeting was evidently a sad one. The remaining passengers in the car perceived sufficient to understand that an erring son had unexpectedly met with his parents, and that car was relieved of further swindling attempts the remainder of the passage.

The officers of the bank at Glasgow, Scotland, have made way with \$50,000,000 of the people's hard earnings. They have been arrested and confined in jail for robbery. That may do in Scotland but fifty millions in the United States stolen, or gotten under false pretense, would make a poor man respectable in some society. "My son, would you like to steal one of those melons?" "Yes, sir, was the prompt reply. "You would, eh? I am sorry to hear that. If you should steal one of those melons, my boy, do you know what the result would be?" The lad scratched his head, surveyed the pile again, and answered, "I spect the plaguey thing would be green all the way through!"—*Ex.*

While a man and boy were picking berries near Deering, Me., the other day, they saw a coat sticking out of the ground and found that it contained a body, which they exhumed. It was that of a man whose skull was fractured, and who had been dead about forty-eight hours. It was not identified. The track of a wagon led from the spot.

The Magistrates of the village of Awa, Japan, being unable to discover the author of a series of mysterious crimes opened a poll, inviting every citizen to name on his ballot the person whom he thought guilty. One notorious ne'er do well was elected as the culprit by a great majority, and, having confessed his crime, was promptly executed.

A Baltimore lady who had been exceedingly annoyed by boys who rang her doorbell and then ran away, set a trap for them, by which a pair of water was to be spilled upon the next person who rang the bell. In a few minutes her pastor called and was deluged, but retired without making a visit.

Miss Minnie, the beautiful and accomplished daughter of the Hon. W. B. Machin, is giving recitations in Paducah, Princeton and other towns in western Kentucky, for the relief of the South. Miss Machin is said to be the equal of Miss Mary Anderson, of Louisville.—*Ex.*

Frankfort Yeoman: The trade dollar is worth one hundred cents in every store in New York, and no merchant pretends to discount it. If you happen to have a trade dollar, don't allow anybody to discount it ten per cent.

"Are grapes healthy?" asks an exchange. As a fruit, opinions differ. George Washington, Christopher Columbus, Noah, Napoleon the First, and Mary, Queen of Scots, ate grapes, and they are all dead now. Draw your own conclusions.—*Norristown Herald.*

Sealing the Vow.

A correspondent of the New York Commercial Advertiser, writing from the Round Lake Camp Meeting, tells the following story:

"Many people sleep in the same tent here, being separated by partitions. As young Methodist fellows are thrown with pretty young ladies a good deal, it is nothing against them that they sometimes fall in love."

Last night they say this happened: A young Methodist fellow from Ballston, had become quite interested in a pretty daughter of a religious farmer. Last night, while a dozen of cold-hearted fellows were trying to sleep, they were continually annoyed by the lover's spoony talk, which they distinctly heard through the cloth partition.

They heard him say in a low, sweet, earnest voice, "Now, Caroline, my dear, do let me seal the vow—do!"

"No, James, I can not. What would my father and mother say?" replied a sweet, girlish voice.

"But, Caroline, you have promised to be mine—come let us seal the vow—let us seal the vow—let us; do let us—won't you?—do kiss me?"

"No, James, I can not—oh! I can not!"

In a moment the tent parted, and a big whiskered brother who wanted to sleep, shouted, "For Heaven's sake, Caroline, let Jim seal that vow. He'll keep awake all night if you don't!"

The vow was sealed.

To-morrow.—The day when misers give, When idlers work, and when sinners reform.

William Coleman, while in a state of intoxication fell from a coal-tip, near Earlington, and received injuries that will probably prove fatal, Sept. 22nd.—*Ex.*

New York Herald: An annoying typographical error in yesterday's Herald made us say that Mr. Belmont was endeavoring to secure a "first-class opera bouffe," instead of a "first-class opera troupe."

Some young men on West Hill organized a string band last week. They have only had two rehearsals and broke up a cottage party meeting, a debating club, three whist parties and a beer saloon.—*Hawk Eye.*

If you want to borrow trouble, bring your basket to the office of the late Greenback party of Iowa. It has more of the article to spare than any organization we know.—*Hawk Eye.*

An altercation occurred at Lick Skillet, Ind., between Peter Grass and Adam Drummond, in which Grass shot and instantly killed Drummond. The difficulty occurred about a horse collar.—*Courier-Journal.*

In the rivers of Canada are varieties of fish, originally from salt water, which can swim by zigzag movements from the bottom to the top of a sheet of falling water fifty feet high.

A young lady at a ball at Dublin castle displayed her charms so freely that a looker-on turned to Chief-Justice Doherty with "Did you like the girl that since you were born?" "Well," said the judge, "certainly not since I was weaned."

A man was recently literally cooked in a steam-bath in San Francisco, in which he went without the knowledge of the attendants. He turned the steam on ignorantly, and was first suffocated and then boiled.

A boy on West Hill started to school the opening day of the term, and before he was five blocks from home he lamed a dog, lost his geography, scared a horse, broke his slate and had three fights.—*Burlington Hawkeye.*

On the 21st of Sept. a negro was taken from the jail at night in Athens, Ala., and hanged on the very spot where he had murdered a white man on the 7th. Daniel McBride was the negro's name.—*Ex.*

Jake Klass, a clothing merchant, and Samuel J. Rose, a shoe merchant, of Mt. Sterling, Ky., had a difficulty and Klass fired several shots at the latter, touching him slightly and wounding a by-stander in like manner.—*Ex.*

An American doctor has been giving the Spaniards kerosene baths to cure them of consumption, and some of the patients think they feel a good deal better than they did. They will make good lamp wicks in time.

The Courier-Journal says: The mutilated body of a negro man was found floating in the river to-day, at Nashville. Deputy Collector Phillips has been stirring up the moonshiners in Putnam county, Tenn. Joseph P. Trigg was accidentally shot and mortally wounded at Franklin, Tenn., on the 18th inst.

Gen. Jackson takes the Responsibility.

It is well known that Jackson, on his accession as President, appointed Martin Van Buren Secretary of State, and that Mr. Van Buren, in April, 1831, resigned that office. Thereupon President Jackson appointed him Minister to England, and it became necessary to supply his place in the Cabinet.

At that time there was in the United States Senate, from Louisiana, Edward Livingston, a gentleman who had already won an enviable reputation as author of the code which still bears his name—a work which has had its influence on the jurisprudence of succeeding times. Livingston, at that time, stood very high, not only as jurist, but as statesman; his name had come up, along with many others, and he had been spoken of as one eminently fitted for Secretary of State. It so happened, also, that the Senate was then nearly equally divided between the two existing parties, Whig and Democratic; it need hardly be added that the President had been elected by the latter party.

Now, when rumors became rife that Livingston might be finally selected by Jackson as Cabinet officer, a small deputation of the Democratic leaders and personal friends of the President, unwilling to face the General directly, called on Mr. Trist to talk the matter over with him. They began by averting to the fact that hardly a Democratic majority of two could at that time be safely counted on in the Senate; that if Livingston, an influential Democrat, was appointed Secretary of State, one of these votes would be lost; and that if (as was probable in the then state of parties in Louisiana) a Whig was appointed to take his place, it would result in a tie. They represented that such a contingency would very seriously embarrass the President, perhaps in the way of thwarting his policy, more certainly by endangering the confirmation of his appointments. And they finally begged Mr. Trist to take an early opportunity of expressing to the General their earnest desire, both for his own sake and for that of the party, that he would give to such considerations their due weight before calling Livingston from his place in the Senate.

Mr. Trist at first demurred to the undertaking of this task, alleging his belief that it would be fruitless, but was finally persuaded to reconsider his refusal. Accordingly, one evening when Jackson, after a hard day's work, was seated in his armchair, his head sunk on his breast, and his attitude denoting repose and reflection, Trist—with great reluctance, however, and after suitable apology—laid before him the fears and the wishes of his friends. At the first broaching of the subject (so Trist informed me), the old man drew himself bolt upright, according to his military wont, fixed his thoroughly awakened eyes full on the speaker; and, as the latter went on with his report, the flash from those stern eyes sufficiently indicated in advance—to one so familiar with his manner as his secretary was—the probable result.

He listened patiently, however, until the conclusion. Then, after a pause, all he said, in his usual brief and unflinching manner, was: "Mr. Trist, my friends ought to know that no considerations of that kind can influence my choice of a Secretary of State. It is my duty to select for that important office the man best fitted to fill it, and to leave the rest to God. Tell these gentlemen so." And the very next day Livingston was appointed to the vacant chair in the Cabinet.—*Scribner's Monthly.*

Lewis-Millet.

The residence of W. T. Owen, Esq., on Fourth street, of this city, was the scene of a pleasant wedding, which occurred last Monday evening, the contracting parties being Miss Lillie Millet and Mr. Wm. W. Lewis, of Breckenridge county, Ky. The marriage ceremony was performed by Rev. J. S. Coleman, in his usual impressive style. After the ceremony the happy pair received the congratulations of many friends present and left immediately for Breckenridge county, where they will in future reside.

The bride is the eldest daughter of the late Major Joe Millet, of the Confederate service, and step-daughter of our esteemed fellow citizen, W. T. Owen, Esq., and has always been a favorite in Owensboro society. The groom is the son of the Hon. Thos. Lewis, of Breckenridge county, a prominent member of our last Legislature, and is well worthy of the prize he has won. The good wishes of a legion of friends and admirers follow the happy couple as they embark upon the sea of married life. We append a list of the bride's presents: Mounted silver butter dish, by Mrs. Mary May; elegant toilet set and stand, by Miss Fannie Moorman; handsome dinner tray, by Ed P. Millet; syrup stand and tray, by Mr. and Mrs. W. T. Ellis; pickle stand, by Mr. and Mrs. J. Lee; pickle-caster, by Mrs. D. F. Todd, Jr.; spoon holder, by Will Owen, Jr.; silver berry spoon, by Mrs. Dr. Hobbs; set silver spoons, by Mrs. Collins; pair napkin rings, by Tommy Owen; pair button knives, by Misses Bettie DeHaven and Jessie Moorman; breakfast caddy, by Charles Tyler, Esq.; handsome family bible, by Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Weir; copy Burns' poems, handsomely bound, by Miss Cecie Tyler; zephyr pin cushion and mat, by Mrs. Rev. Todd; pair elegant lace tidies, by Mrs. John Moorman; silver thimble and box note paper, by Fannie Trumble.—*Owensboro Messenger.*

Eminence Constitutional: W. P. Thorn, Esq., who, as County Attorney for the past four years, has objected to the issuing of whiskey licenses to tavern-keepers, and whose ability convinced his Honor, Judge Smith, that he had the right to refuse all who asked, on Monday, as the advocate of applicants, succeeded in convincing his Honor that the court had all this time been in the wrong, the argument of the County Attorney to the contrary notwithstanding; per consequence licenses were granted to Robt Gordon, of Harper's Ferry, and John Sewell, of Bethlehem. What do our total-abstinence friends think, now that Judge Smith is granting whiskey licenses? But he only obeys the law as he now understands it. No matter what his pledges may have been to the people, the law must be obeyed.

Somebody shot a woman through the jaw in Jeffersontown, Ky. Her and her husband, Mr. Newkirk, did not get on happily in this world.

Two London tram-car drivers were summoned at the Southwark Police Court, at the instance of the Commissioners of Police, under the streets act, for driving their cars at a less distance than one hundred yards between them. They were fined each \$1.

This heading to the New York telegrams appears in the Louisville Commercial of the 10th inst.: "The Premillennial Advent of Jesus Christ—Remonstrance from the Custom House—etc."

We always thought those fellows would be afraid of that event. But we imagine that their remonstrance will be as the prayers of the wicked—"It availeth nothing."

A young couple who married in England last spring contrary to their parents' wishes went to Australia, in the hope that time would soften opposition. No remonstrances reached them, and, utterly destitute in Sydney, they took prussic acid and died.